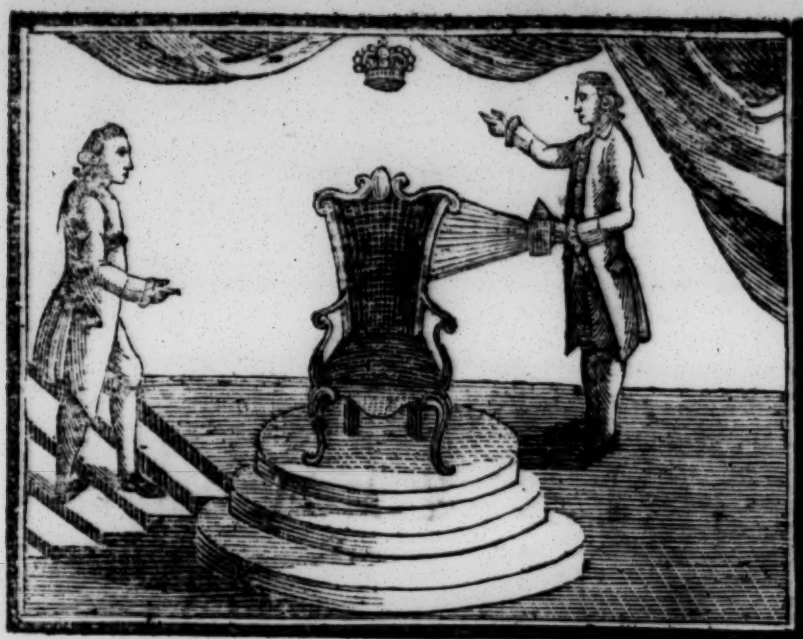




A NEW SONG,
Sp of Swon-hwa
 UPON THE
 NEW TIMES.

T Kings who aspire to an absolute Reign,
 If such can be found, in France, England, or Spain,
 This Ballad, a Nestrum, prescribes for their Cares,
 'Tis Nothing but building a Pair of Back Stairs.

Tho' Fears and Objections around them they see,
 Tho' the People are stout, and the Commons are free;
 Tho' CAMDEN refuses, tho' SHELBURNE despairs,
 Yet still there's a Way, and 'tis up the Back Stairs.

In Youth we observe, and all Boys are the same,
 The greater the Pleasure, the slyer the Game;
 And the Maxim is certain, for Rumour declares,
 PITT rode on the Bannisters up the Back Stairs.

Whilst this Council so secret is form'd to surprise,
 All as able as DORSET, as CHESTERFIELD wise,
 Lord BRUDENEL approves, and Lord SALISBURY swears,
 That great is the Honour to mount the Back Stairs.

Thus not on a King, on his Measures, or Friends,
 The Government now on the Builder depends,
 And the Architect only the Nation impairs,
 By cunningly placing a Pair of Back Stairs.

Not nice in Materials, he finds them all good,
 Or of Stone, or of Stucco, or Marble, or Wood;
 But wide enough only's the Chief of his Cares,
 For Lord TEMPLE to squeeze himself up the Back Stairs.

